

MASTHEAD
TIM
HOLT
NO. 33

ONE

10c



TIM HOLT



[illegible]

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Give the Feuchtinger Voice-Method
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Add *controlled* strength to your voice and people will listen when you talk. A stronger voice may make you more interesting, more persuasive, more poised. What you say will have more importance, when your voice is full-toned, because people generally respect a BIG voice.

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AND DON'T KNOW IT!**

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—Eugene Feuchtinger

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TIM HOLT



OVER THE BORDER, IN THE LAND OF TORTILLAS AND SENORITAS DEATH PROWLs DAILY! FIRING SQUADS AND MURDEROUS SIX-GUNS PLAY THEIR PART—FOR ALL WHO DISOBEY THE DICTATES OF THE EVIL BANDIT KING, **SEÑOR SATAN**, SOON LEARN THE GRIM PENALTY THEY MUST PAY!

EVERY DAY THE PEOPLE PRAY FOR THE RETURN OF **REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE**—FOR ONLY REDMASK DARES STAND, AS HE DID CENTURIES AGO, AGAINST THE OPPRESSOR! ONLY REDMASK DARES FACE THE MAD FURY OF THE BRUTAL—

**"TYRANT
of SAN
TOMAS!"**

THE COBBLESTONED STREETS OF SAN TOMAS ECHO TO THE DRUMMING HOOFS OF A DOZEN HORSES—

THE ESTAVA FAMILY HAS MANY JEWELS! SEÑOR SATAN WANTS THEM!

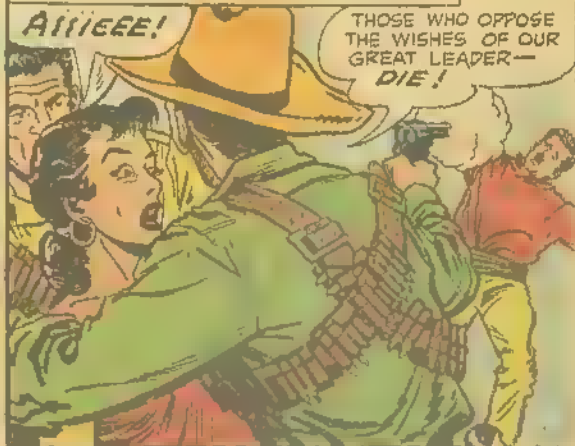
Ai!



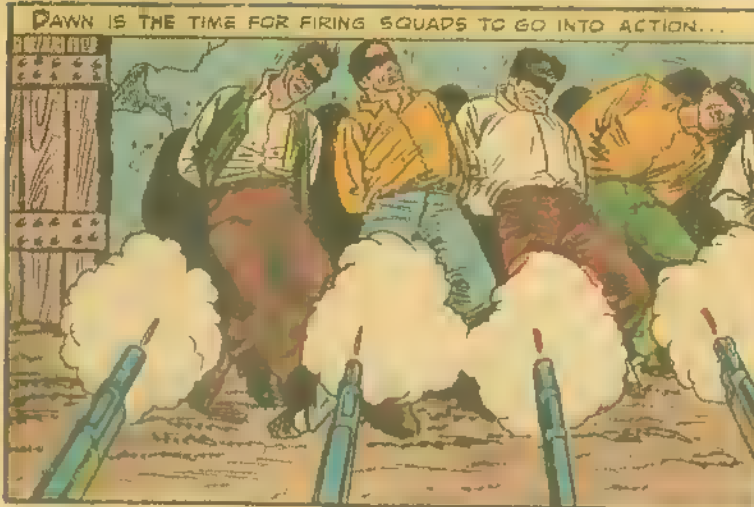
A WOMAN SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT—A SURE-SIGN THAT SEÑOR SATAN'S MEN ARE RAIDING!

AIEEEEE!

THOSE WHO OPPOSE THE WISHES OF OUR GREAT LEADER—
DIE!



TIM HOLT



THE PEOPLE, REMEMBERING THE TALES OF THEIR GRANDFATHERS, COME TO THE GOOD FRAY CARLOS OF THE SAN TOMAS MISSION...



REDMASK HAS HANDLED MEN LIKE SENOR SATAN BEFORE. WHEN THEY OPPRESSED POOR PEOPLE! PRAY THAT HE COMES AGAIN RIDING ON THE MIDNIGHT WINDS!



BUT THE BLOODY DAYS PASS, AND THE NIGHTS GO ON, FILLED WITH TERROR — AND THERE IS NO HELP...

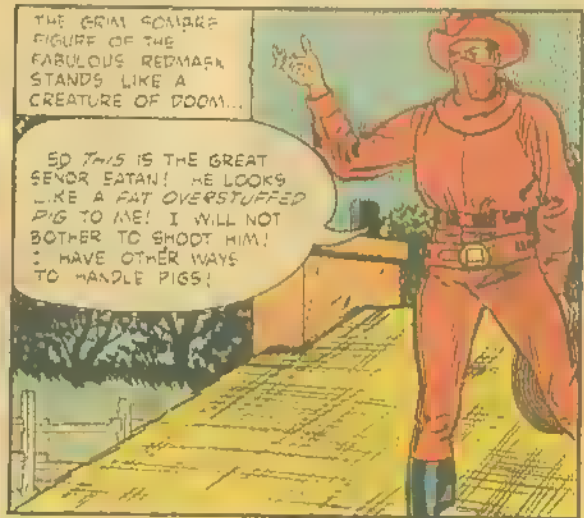
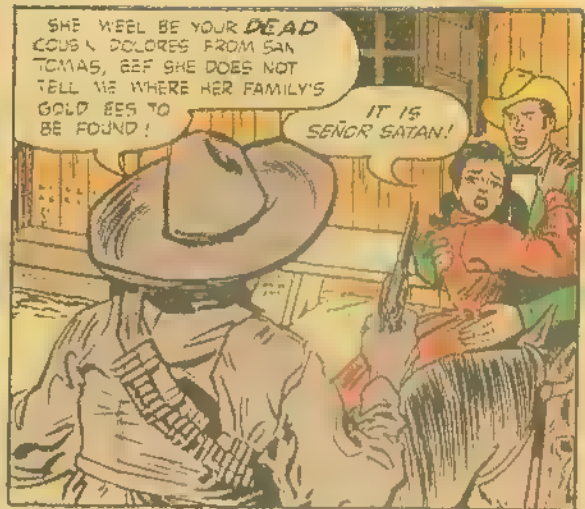


ONE NIGHT, A GIRL ESCAPES THE BANDITS OF SENOR SATAN, AND SWIMS THE RIPPLING WATERS OF THE RIO GRANDE...

HE IS AFTER ME! HIS MEN WILL DRAG ME BACK TO BE TORTURED IF I DO NOT GET AWAY...



TIM HOLT



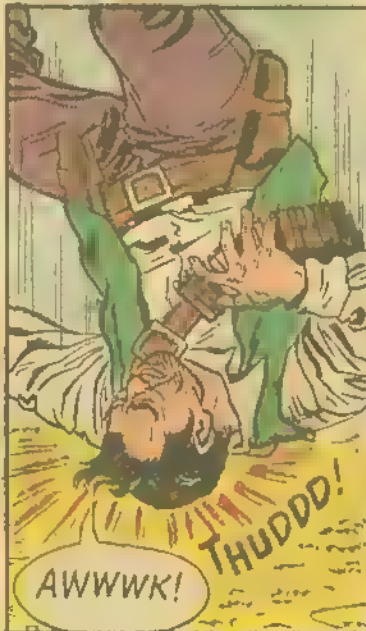


SEÑOR SATAN'S ARMY ATTACKS, BUT NOTHING CAN STAND AGAINST THESE HARD-SHOOTING RANCH-HANDS...



A SABRE SWINGS IN THE MORNING SUNLIGHT—

COME, SEÑOR SATAN! LET US FLEE THIS PLACE OF DOOM!



AWWWK!

THUDD!



AS ONE MAN, HIS STILL-LIVING HENCHMEN WHIRL AND FOLLOW SEÑOR SATAN...



BUT, ON HIS OWN SIDE OF THE RIO GRANDE, SEÑOR SATAN ONCE AGAIN RUNS RIOT—ROBBING AND SLAYING...

THEY COULD HAVE SAVED THEIR LIVES! I KNEW I WOULD FIND THEIR TREASURES SOONER OR LATER!



THEN, ONE NIGHT, AS HIS GREEDY FINGERS COUNT HIS ILL-GOTTEN LOOT...

MADRE DE DIOS!



DOLORES TOLD ME WHERE YOUR RAT'S LAIR WAS, SATAN! SHE TOLD ME OF YOUR MISDEEDS! I HAVE COME ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE—TO HAUNT YOU!

TIM HOLT

ONCE AGAIN A ROPE LEAPS OUT...

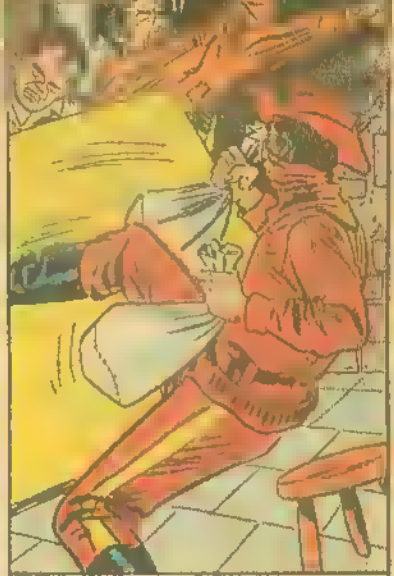
HELP! HELP! SOLDIERS
—TO ME!



THE ROPE YANKS TIGHT! IT
PULLS SAVAGELY, AND ONCE
AGAIN SATAN RIDES UPWARD—

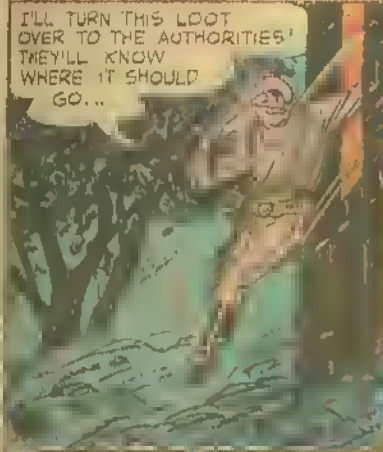


ARMED BANDITS RACE INTO THE
ROOM, BUT REDMASK IS READY FOR
THEM—



AN INSTANT AFTERWARD, REDMASK
BLENDS WITH THE NIGHT DARKNESS.

I'LL TURN THIS LOOT
OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!
THEY'LL KNOW
WHERE IT SHOULD
GO...



THE WORD PASSES ACROSS THE TILLED FIELDS, AND THROUGH THE
MOUNTAIN PASSES...

REDMASK
HAS COME BACK!



HE HAS RETURNED!
NOW THE TYRANT WILL
KNOW WHAT IT MEANS
TO FACE A MAN WHO
DOES NOT FEAR HIM!



NOW, WHEN SEÑOR SATAN'S MEN STOP A STAGECOACH—

THE ONLY THING YOU HOMBRES
ARE GOING TO GET IS A FREE
RIDE TO JAIL!



—OR WHEN THEY ROB A BANK...

TELL YOUR
MASTER HE IS
FINISHED IN
SAN TOMAS!

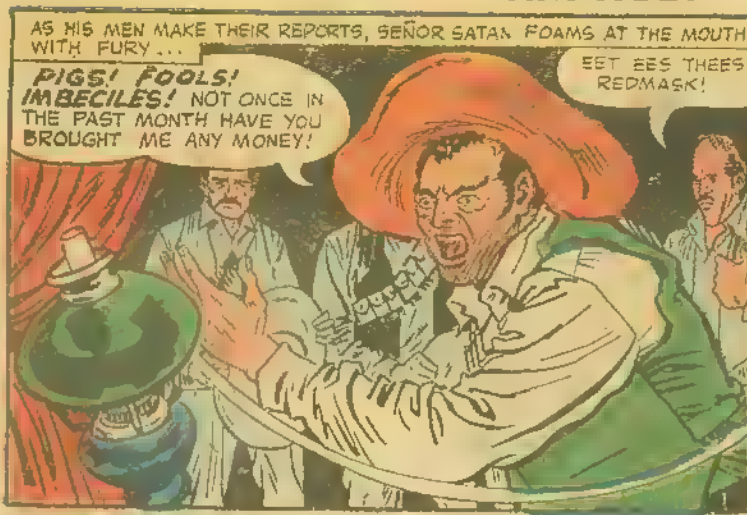


TIM HOLT

AS HIS MEN MAKE THEIR REPORTS, SEÑOR SATAN FOAMS AT THE MOUTH WITH FURY...

PIGS! FOOLS! IMBECILES! NOT ONCE IN THE PAST MONTH HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME ANY MONEY!

EST EES THEES REDMASK!



REDMASK! REDMASK! EES ALL I HEAR! HE EES THORN IN MY FLESH! I MUST FIND SOME WAY TO KEEL HIM DEAD! HA! MAYBE SO I KNOW WHAT EET EES!



THE PEONGS TELL THEES REDMASK MY EVERY MOVE! EVEN MEN EEN MY OWN ARMY TELL HEEM! SO BE EET! I SHALL LAY A TRAP FOR SEÑOR REDMASK! EVERYONE SHALL KNOW I GO TO THE MISSION OF SAN TOMAS TO STEAL THE **TREASURE** THAT FRAY CARLOS IS ALWAYS TALK ABOUT!



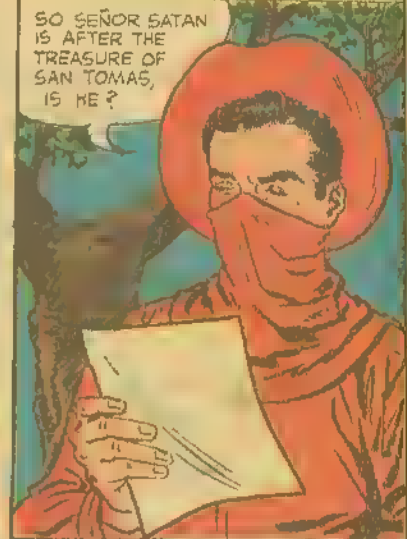
THAT NIGHT, A SCORE OF TRUSTED RIDERS GALLOP THE VALLEY ROAD TOWARD THE MISSION BUILDINGS...

WE ARE TO HIDE EEN THE DUNGEONS BELOW THE MISSION BUILDINGS! WHEN REDMASK COMES HERE WE WEE! KILL HIM!



WORD IS BROUGHT TO REDMASK IN THE TIME-HONORED MANNER, BY A LETTER SLIPPED INTO THE FORK OF AN ANCIENT TREE...

SO SEÑOR SATAN IS AFTER THE TREASURE OF SAN TOMAS, IS HE?



WAITING IN THE OLD STONE CELLARS OF THE MISSION ARE A SCORE OF KILLERS.

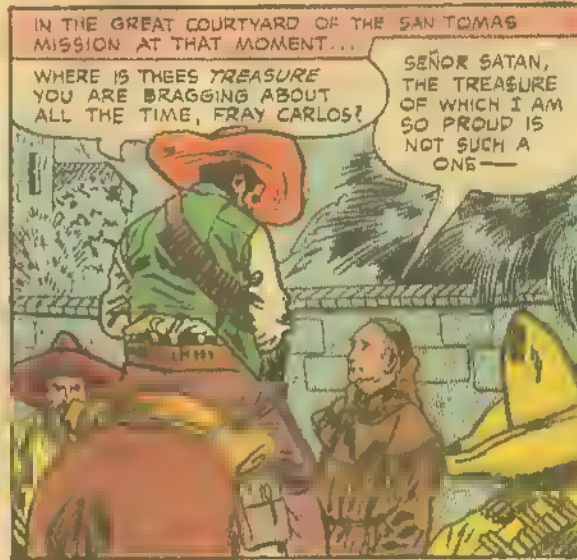
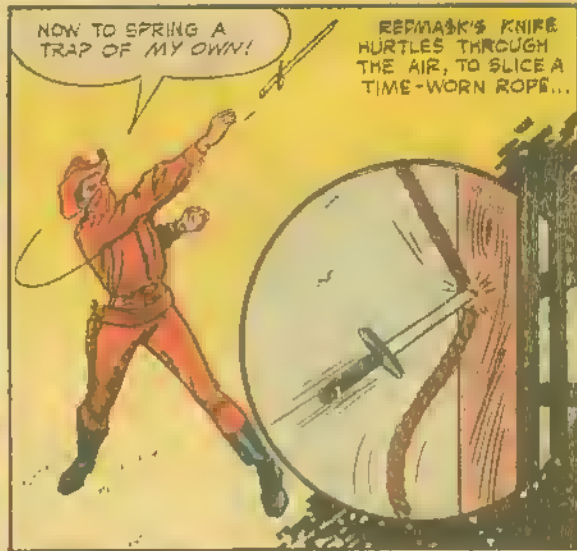


A MOMENT LATER, THE BANDITS LEAP OUT! REDMASK STANDS AS IF TURNED TO STONE!

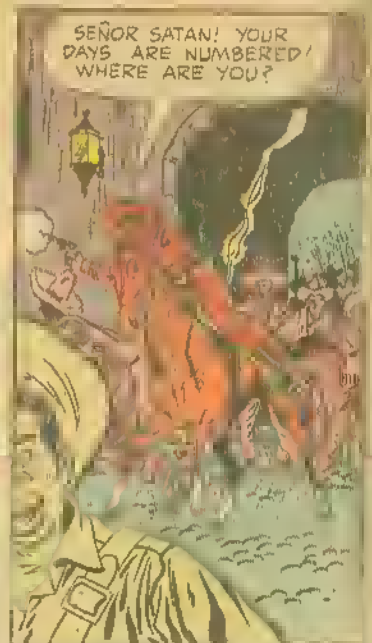
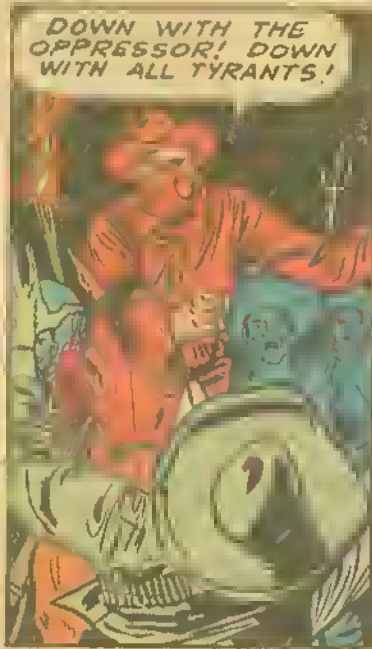
A TRAP! I'VE WALKED INTO A TRAP!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



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FLEXTON

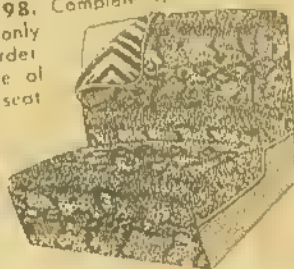
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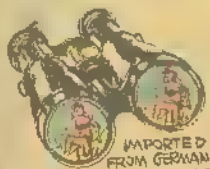
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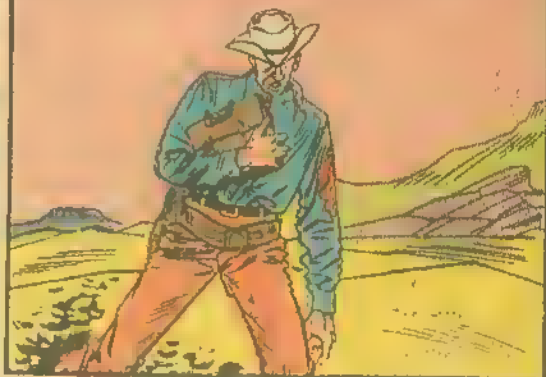
☐ Send C.O.D.

TIM HOLT

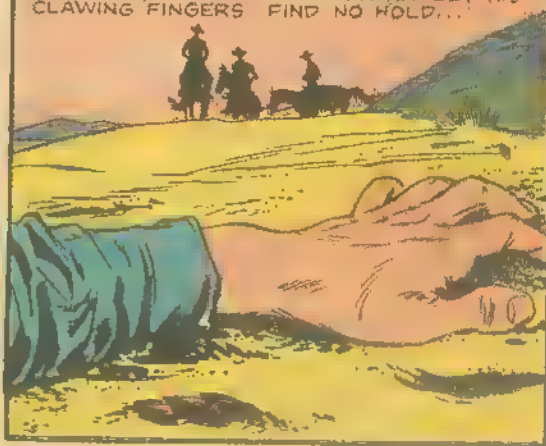
DEATH RODE STIRRUP TO STIRRUP WITH THE MEN WHO BROUGHT THE NEW INDIAN TREATY TO FORT INDEPENDENCE... AND WHEN **TIM HOLT** VOLUNTEERED TO DRAW THE KILLERS AFTER HIM, HE FOUND HIMSELF FACING THE GRIM FATE THAT THREATENED EVERY MAN WHO RODE —

"THE TREATY TRAIL!"

AN EXHAUSTED MAN STAGGERS ALONG THE BLAZING, BURNING SANDS OF *THE DEVIL'S OVEN* DESERT, BLOODY AND EXHAUSTED...



HE FALLS, AND TRIES TO CRAWL... BUT HIS CLAWING FINGERS FIND NO HOLD...

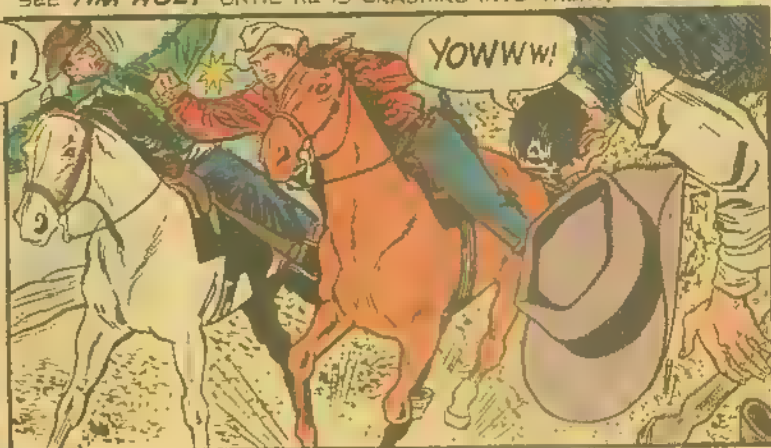


DRAWN
BY
FRANK BOLLE

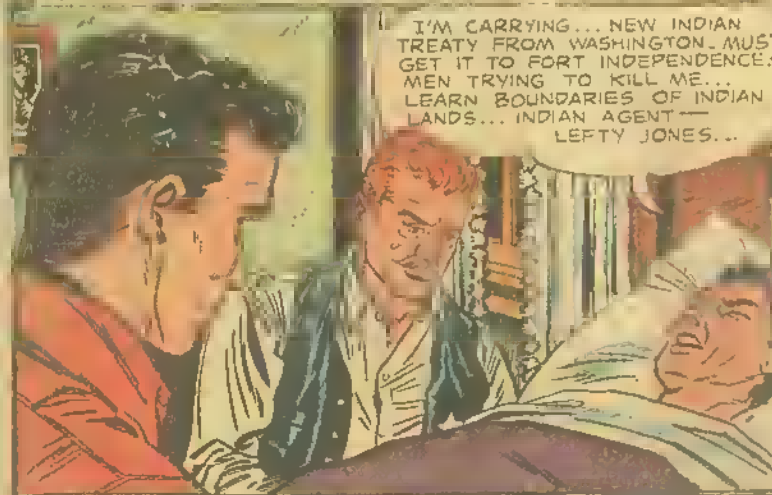
TIM HOLT

THERE HE IS! HE'S GOT THE BRIEFCASE! I KNEW I WINGED HIM WHEN I SHOT HIM!

SOFT SANDS CUSHION THE DRUMMING HOOPS OF A GALLOPING HORSE! INTENT ON THEIR VICTIM THE THREE KILLERS DO NOT SEE **TIM HOLT** UNTIL HE IS CRASHING INTO THEM!

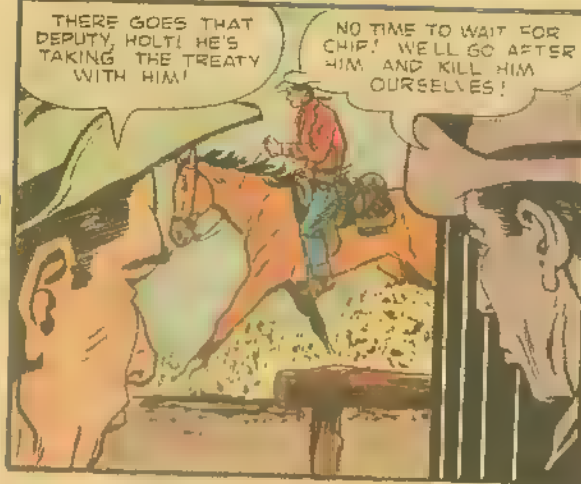


SOME HOURS LATER IN A HOTEL ROOM IN BULLET.

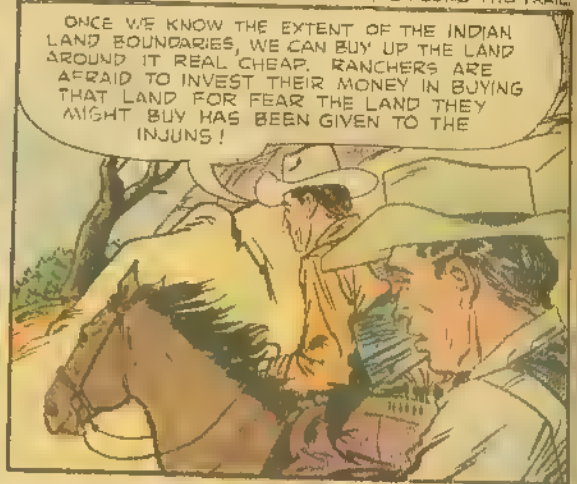


TIM HOLT

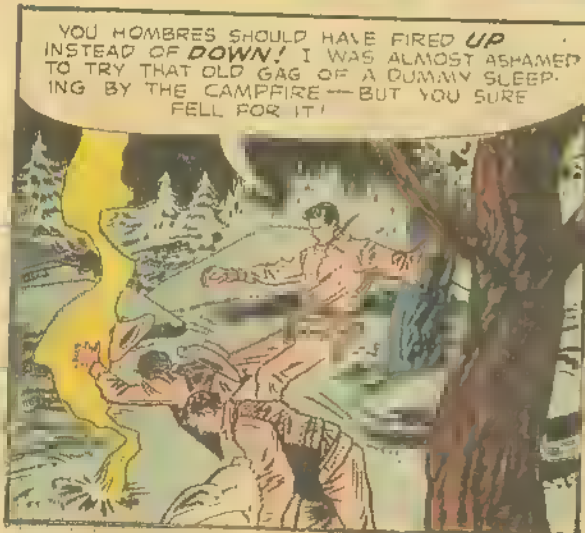
AT DAWN, NEXT DAY—



THE TWO BAD HATS ARE SEEN RACING ALONG THE TRAIL.



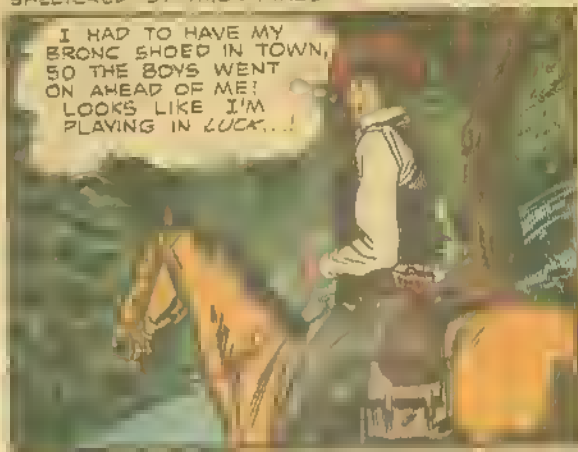
AS NIGHTFALL BLANKETS THE RIM COUNTRY IN DARKNESS...



TIM HOLT

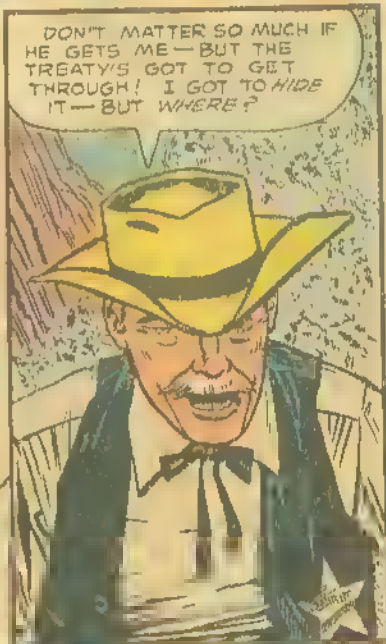


UNKNOWN TO TIM, THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE HARD-CASE TRIO REINS IN HIS BRONC A FEW FEET AWAY, SHELTERED BY THICK PINES...

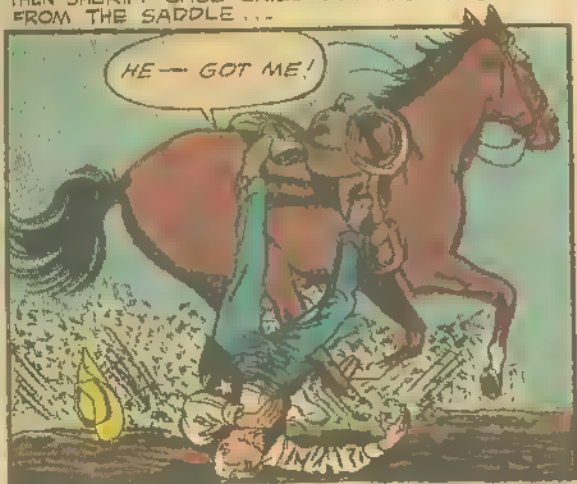


HOURS LATER, AS SHERIFF GAGE POUNDS ALONG THE TRAIL TO WARD FORT INDEPENDENCE...

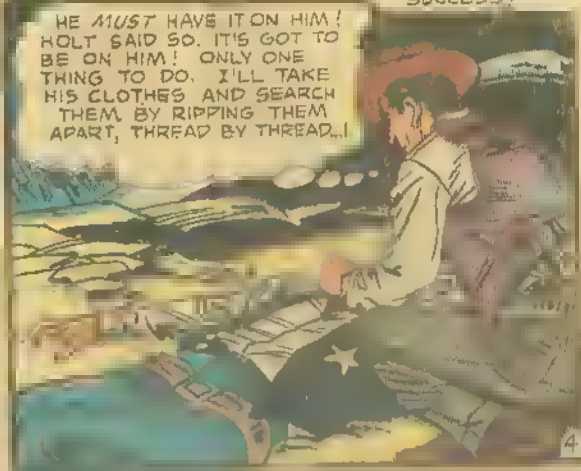
HEY! SOMEBODY SHOOTIN' AT ME...



FOR NEARLY AN HOUR THE CHASE CONTINUES, AND THEN SHERIFF GAGE CRIES OUT AND FALLS FROM THE SADDLE...

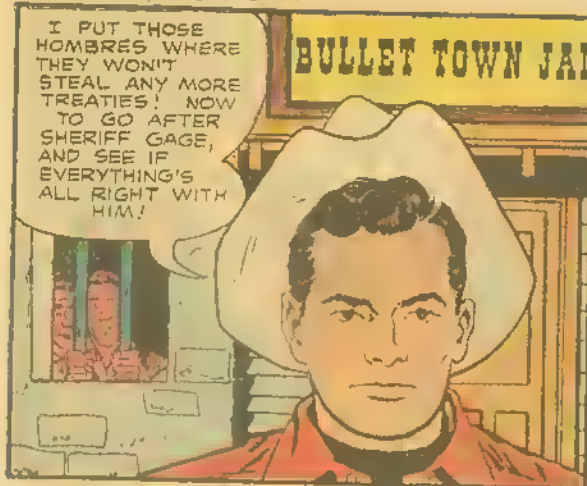


CHIP ROMNEY DISMOUNTS AND SEARCHES THE WOUNDED SHERIFF THOROUGHLY— BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS!

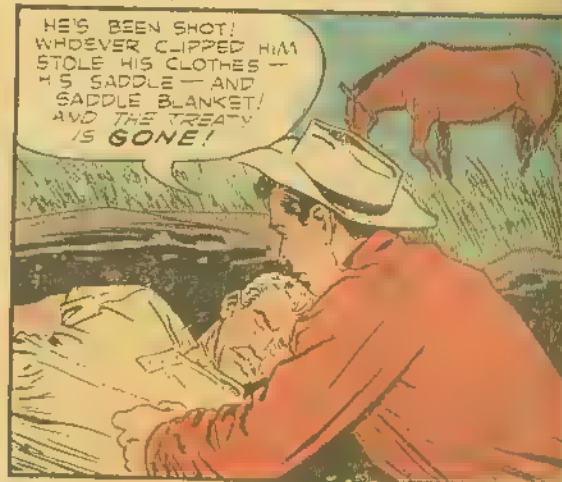


TIM HOLT

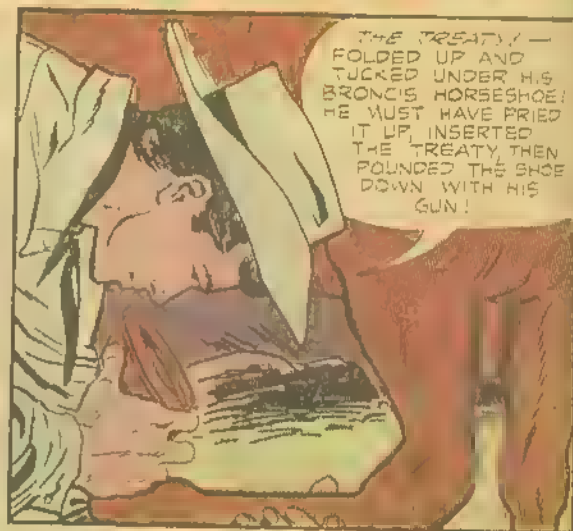
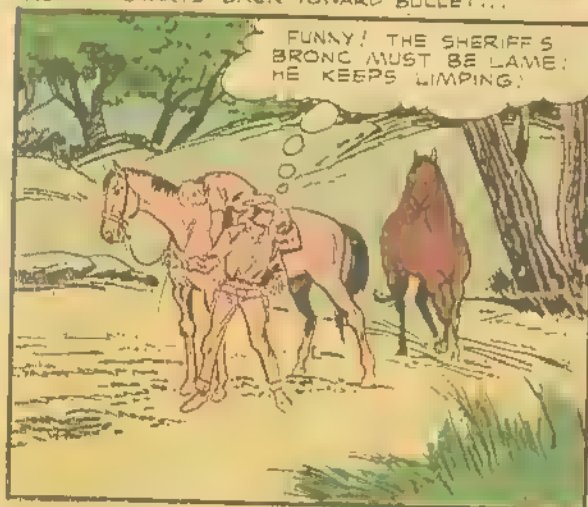
MEANWHILE, IN BULLET...



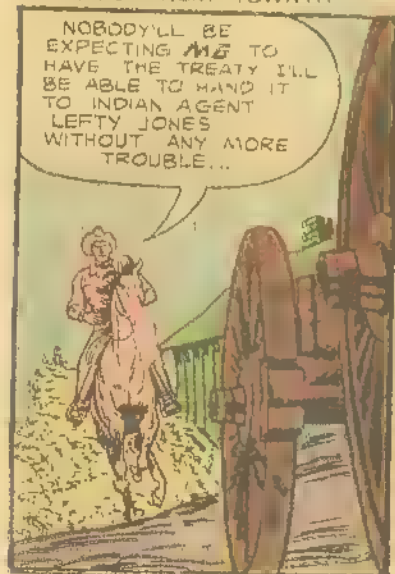
HOURS LATER, ALONG THE TRAIL —



AS TIM STARTS BACK TOWARD BULLET...



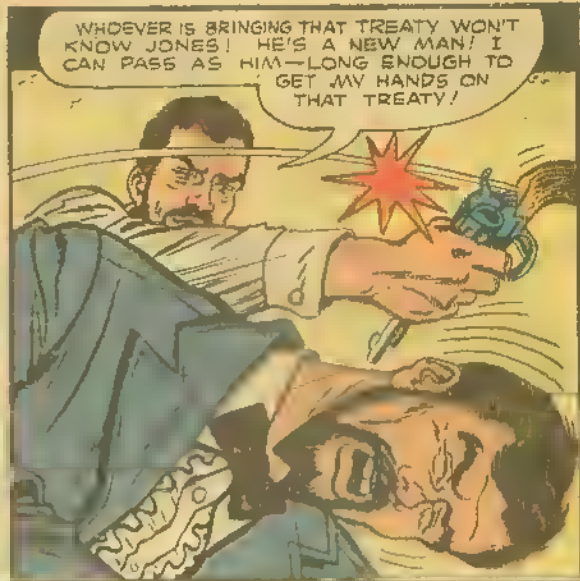
AFTER MAKING SURE THAT SHERIFF GAGE IS IN BED AND UNDER A DOCTOR'S CARE, TIM GALLOPS FROM TOWN...



AHEAD OF TIM, AND RAGING LIKE A TORTURED PUMA...



NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICES OF THE INDIAN AGENT AT FORT INDEPENDENCE...

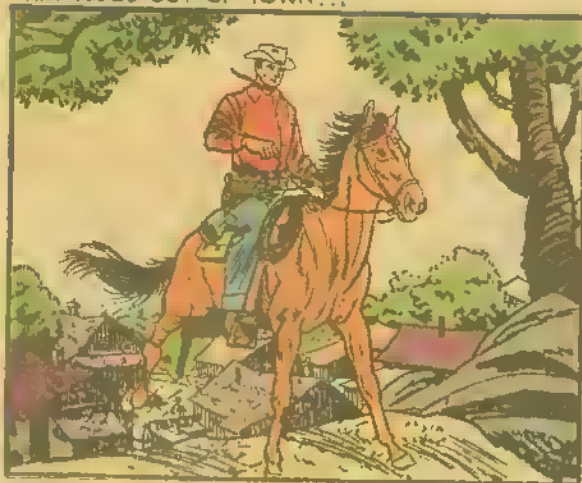


NEXT DAY, AT HIGH NOON--

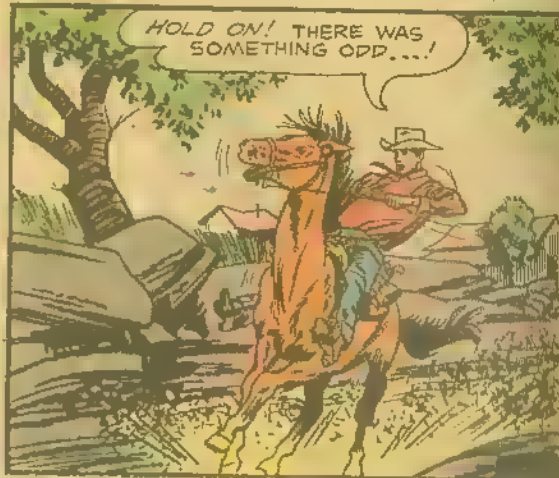


TIM ROLTS

TIM ROLTS OUT OF TOWN...



SUDDENLY, HE REINS IN...



YOU AREN'T THE INDIAN AGENT! THE ORIGINAL MESSENGER SAID HE WAS CALLED "LEFTY!" — THAT HE DID EVERYTHING WITH HIS **LEFT** HAND! YOU WERE HOLDING THAT PEN WITH YOUR **RIGHT**! YOU TOOK THE TREATY I GAVE YOU WITH YOUR **RIGHT**...!



UNDER SHELTER OF THE DESK- TOP, CHIP ROMNEY YANKS HIS GUN!

YOU'RE A SMART HOMBRE, HOLT — BUT KNOWING ALL THAT WON'T DO YUH NO GOOD!



DON'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT!

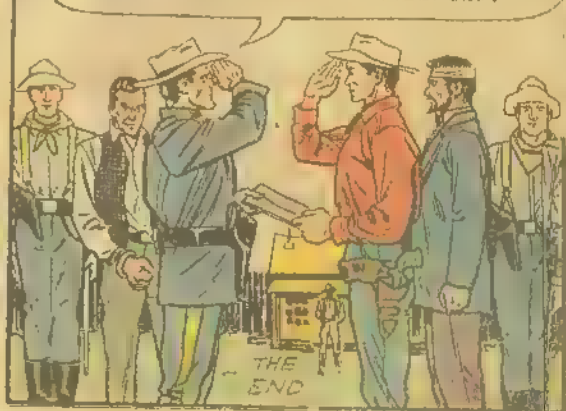


LOOKS LIKE **THIS** IS THE REAL END OF THE TREATY TRAIL! NOW I'LL TAKE THE TREATY — AND YOU! — TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER AT THE FORT!



WITHIN THE HOUR...

WE'LL HANDLE ROMNEY! I'LL TAKE THE TREATY MYSELF — TO MAKE SURE **NO ONE** KNOWS THE CONTENTS BEFORE THEY ARE PUBLICLY ANNOUNCED!



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7. Magic for Girls—numerous magic stunts and tricks you can perform
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9. Fun with Paper—101 things to fold and cut of paper
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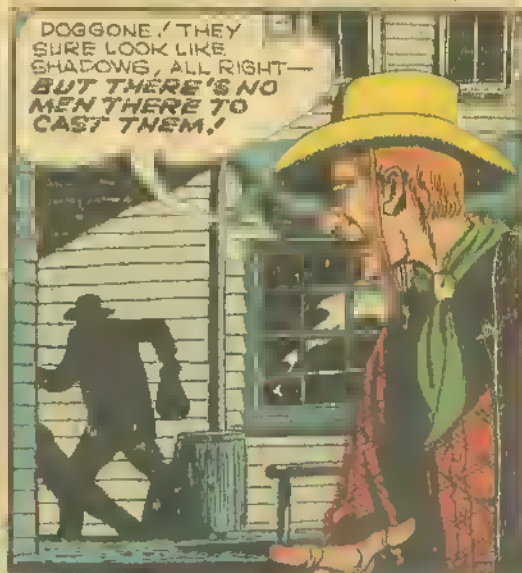
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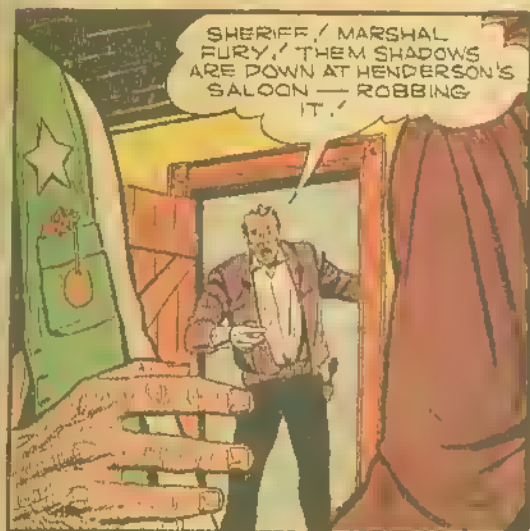
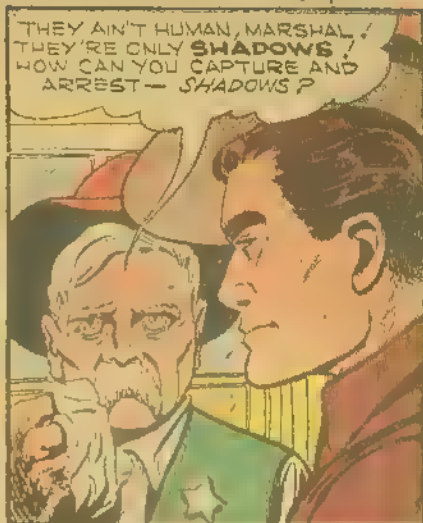
... EVEN THE GHOST RIDER CAN'T CATCH SHADOWS AND PUT THEM IN JAIL ... !

IT IS MIDNIGHT IN THE COWTOWN OF SADDLE GAP





IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE SHADOWS LOST AND SLAY — ONLY TO FADE INTO THE DARKNESS OF WHICH THEY ARE A PART! SOME WEEKS AFTER THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE, REX FURY — FEDERAL MARSHAL — RIDES INTO SADDLE GAP...



AS MARSHAL REX FURY WATCHES, THE SHADOW SLAYERS RACE INTO THE BLACK SHADOW OF A LARGE BUILDING —



"THEY DISAPPEARED — RIGHT ABOUT HERE, LEFT NO TRACE BEHIND THEM — EXCEPT FOOTPRINTS THAT END ABRUPTLY."



NEXT EVENING, IN THE HIGH HILLS AROUND SADDLE GAP, THE **GHOST RIDER** APPEARS, GALLOPING LIKE THE PHANTOM OF THE MIDNIGHT TRAILS HE IS...

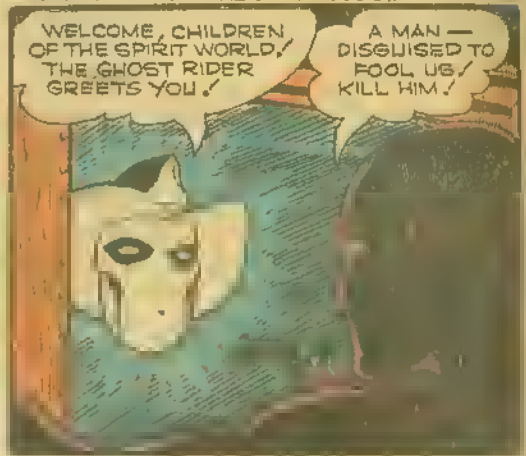
"THOSE 'SHADOWS' ARE NO MORE SHADOWS THAN I AM! THEY LEAVE FOOTPRINTS — AND ONLY MORTAL MEN DO THAT!"



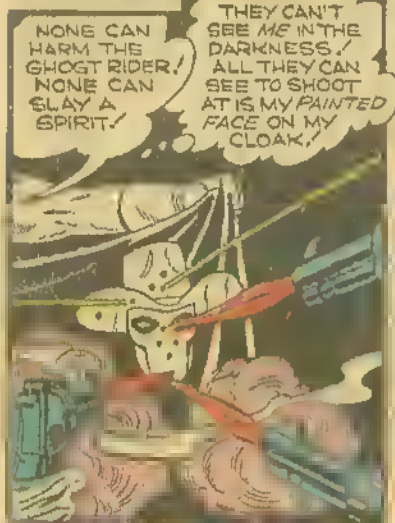
SOME NIGHTS LATER, ALONG THE GLEAMING TRACKS OF THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD —



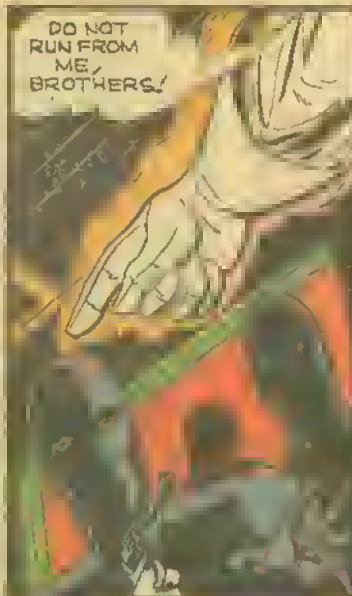
BUT AS THE SHADOWS SWARM INTO THE BAGGAGE CAR, A GLOWING FACE STARES AT THEM FROM THE DARKNESS —



GUNS ROAR — BUT THE FACE OF THE GHOST RIDER IS UNHARMED —



DO NOT RUN FROM ME, BROTHERS!



GREAT FIBRY STRANDS OF ICE LEAP THROUGH THE AIR, TWISTING ABOUT THE SHADOWS! WRITHING HELPLESSLY, THEY GO DOWN —



MY PAINTED SOLOS DROPPED YOU! NOW, I'LL TAKE YOU INTO JAIL!

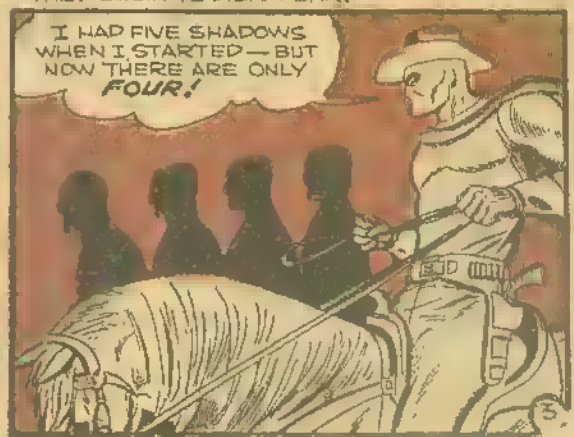
YOU CAN'T KEEP SHADOWS PRISONERS!

WE WILL ESCAPE YOU!



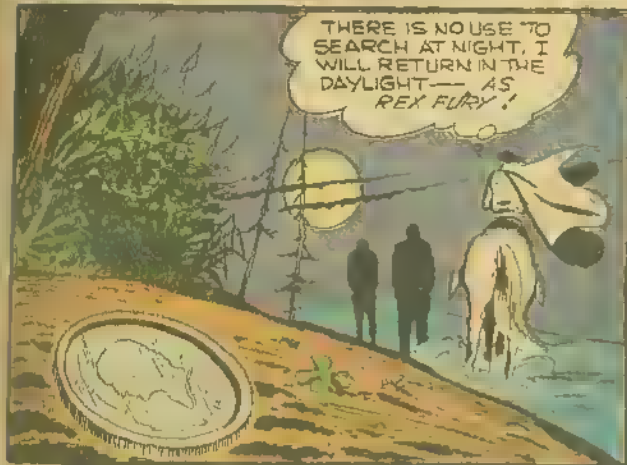
THE LONG MARCH BACK TO THE SADDLE GAP JAIL BEGINS. BUT AS THE SHADOW-MEN WALK AHEAD OF THE GHOST RIDER, ONE BY ONE — THEY BEGIN TO DISAPPEAR!

I HAD FIVE SHADOWS WHEN I STARTED — BUT NOW THERE ARE ONLY FOUR!

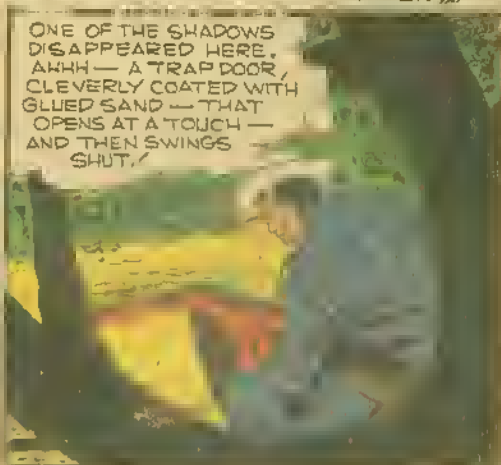


ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE SHADOWS FADE AWAY. AND EACH TIME, THE GHOST RIDER DROPS A COIN....

NEXT MORNING, REX FURY RETRACES THE PATH HE TOOK AS *THE GHOST RIDER*....



THERE IS NO USE TO SEARCH AT NIGHT, I WILL RETURN IN THE DAYLIGHT— AS REX FURY!



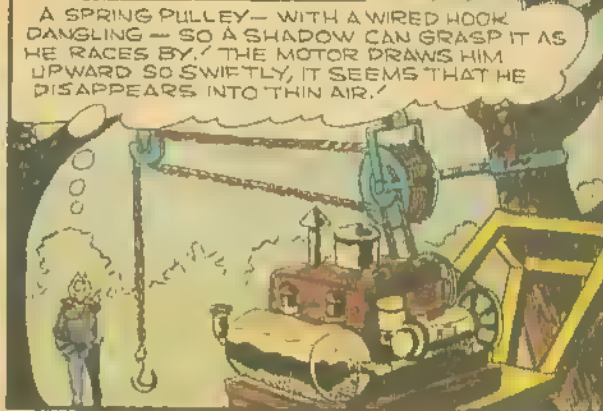
ONE OF THE SHADOWS DISAPPEARED HERE. AHHH— A TRAP DOOR, CLEVERLY COATED WITH GLUED SAND— THAT OPENS AT A TOUCH— AND THEN SWINGS SHUT.

A SECRET TUNNEL IS REVEALED—

THE "SHADOW" DROPS INTO THE TUNNEL, AND CRAWLS ALONG IT TO A HIDDEN EXIT— AND PRESTO! HE HAS MADE A MIRACULOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

A LITTLE FARTHER ON, ANOTHER ESCAPE MECHANISM IS EXPOSED....

A SPRING PULLEY— WITH A WIRED HOOK DANGLING— SO A SHADOW CAN GRASP IT AS HE RACES BY. THE MOTOR DRAWS HIM UPWARD SO SWIFTLY, IT SEEMS THAT HE DISAPPEARS INTO THIN AIR.



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, IN SADDLE GAP, BLACK SHADOWS RACE TOWARD THE BANK....

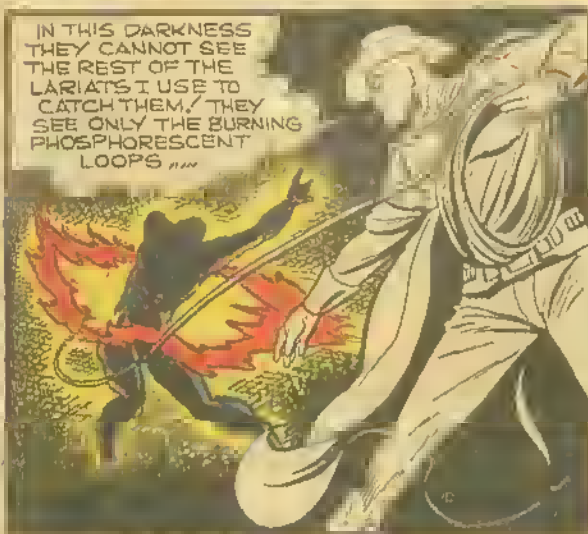
ALL THEIR DISAPPEARANCES TOOK PLACE AT NIGHT, IN DARK SHADOWS, THAT MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE JUST WHAT DID HAPPEN. THOSE "SHADOWS" BOUGHT STAGE MAGICIANS' EQUIPMENT AND PLANTED THEM CLEVERLY— REMOVING THEM BEFORE THEY COULD BE DISCOVERED.

THIS TIME, I APPEARED HERE TO FIND THESE ESCAPE GADGETS BEFORE THEY COULD REMOVE THEM— NOW TO USE A TRAP OF MY OWN.

THE NEWSPAPER SAID THE BANK RECEIVED A SHIPMENT OF CASH.

OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!





NO MATCH FOR GUNSLICKS

THE brown and white steer lay helpless as the red-hot brand swooped down on its flank. Deftly, the man with the tiny scar on his jaw made three moves with the straight iron, changing the KT brand into the Laddered Diamond. He studied his work for a moment, nodded his satisfaction, and was rising to his feet when the .44-40 bullet dug a hole between his spurred boots.

The man swore and dove for his pony. He could see the rifleman with the smoking rifle running across the hogback ridge, framed against the blue sky as he lifted his rifle and threw it to his shoulder. The man dropped the brand and clawed frantically at his Colt. The sharpshooter fired again. The man who had been changing brands opened his eyes and clung desperately to a slowly widening red stain on his blue shirt. He toppled backwards.

Ken Talley came forward carefully, automatically ejecting a shell from the chamber, levering another shell into the barrel. His tanned face was hard, set in flat planes in which his blue eyes burned like sapphire flame.

"Caught one of 'em at last," he said through tight lips.

He came to stand over the fallen man. Many men ran straight irons out where the grassy plains of the Feather River range stretched between the big black bluffs of the Mogul Rim and the cold, fast-flowing waters of the Feather. But this was the first time young Ken Talley had caught a man with the iron in his hand.

He turned the man over and grunted when he saw his face. "Ben Kimmel! One of Draw Deegan's hoys!"

Talley blinked carefully against the breeze that stirred the grama grass. Draw Deegan was a power in the Rim. He had two guns, and he knew how to use them. A small rancher like Ken Talley could not hope to stand against him or the bunch that rode under his Crosspatch brand. If he should complain to Deegan, Deegan would find a way to make him go for his gun. And Talley knew he was no match for the gunman with Colts in his hands!

Talley cut the steer free, studying the Laddered Diamond. *Deegan's too smart to use his*

own brand, he thought. But somewhere in the breaks north of the Mogul Rim, he probably has a Laddered Diamond herd, all set to move! As he went across the rolling grassland, head down, Talley took up in his mind the brands of his neighbors: Luke Parker's Three T brand, Monk Groome's T Diamond. All those brands, including his own KT brand, could easily be changed into Deegan's Laddered Diamond mark.

He moved up into his fifty-dollar Cheyenne saddle and toed his little pinto to a run. He could not fight Deegan and his gunslicks—but he was not going to sit by and let Deegan run off his steers and eventually force him off his ranch!

Talley was in the general store in Hardknot the next morning when the trouble broke. As Talley put his arms around the big box of groceries, the voice came from the doorway. It was a cold voice, hard and grim, colored with a sneer.

"We found Kimmel early this morning, Talley. Somebody shot him. We saw your pony's tracks all around. We figured you'd know about it."

Talley turned slowly. One hand was tightly clenched. He felt his eyes drawn to the tightly smiling face of the man in the doorway. It was big Herb Loover standing there—almost as good a man with a Colt as Deegan.

"I know about him. I caught him running a straight iron on my stock. I shot him."

Loover looked at him coldly, for a long moment, then swung on his heel and walked away. Talley felt his knees turned rubbery for a moment as he leaned against the bare wooden counter. He lifted his neckerchief to his face and wiped it.

The store clerk came up from behind the heavy wooden counter, his cheeks white. He said, "I was afeared Herb was a-goin' for his six then."

"So was I. But he didn't."

"He will. You ride for home, I'll send the rest of the things out your way by wagon."

"Yeah. Mebbe I will."

He walked out of the store, conscious of the Colt bobbing on his right thigh, a heavy weight shifting as he strode. Instantly, as the

hot sunlight touched his cheeks, he knew he was marked for death. Herb Loover was across the street, by the hitch-rail. He was lounging there carelessly—too carelessly. Twenty feet the other side of him was Draw Deegan, standing motionless under the wooden overhang of the blacksmith's shop. The two fastest gunmen in the Rim country, looking at him with their cold, merciless eyes. He was in the way of the Crosspatch bunch. He would be stamped out. Here. Now. Today.

Talley walked at an angle across the street. He had no chance, but he would not run. If he could get where he wanted—

"Talley!"

The word struck him like a whiplash. He jerked his head around and looked at Draw Deegan, but he kept walking across the dusty street.

Deegan snarled, "Stand still, Talley! I'm talkin' to yuh!"

Talley quartered still more across the street until he was less than ten feet from the hitch-rail. Now he stopped and faced Deegan. He licked his lips and ran his palms on the rough blue wool of his shirt. He said, "I'm still. I'm looking for no trouble with the Crosspatch."

"Too late for that, Talley. When one of my boys goes down, I find out why."

"He was running a straight iron."

"We didn't see a straight iron," Deegan said coldly.

Talley shrugged. He wondered idly if he would gain anything by starting this. Here and there a face peered from a window, or from around the corner of a building, at the three men. They were frightened faces, all of them, knowing Draw Deegan's ruthlessness and kill-hunger.

Deegan spoke to his big foreman, "Herb, I don't hold with murder. The sheriff's out of town. If we wait for him, this sidewinder may get away."

Herb chuckled coldly, "I'll back yore play, boss."

Deegan shifted his feet, about to change his position.

Talley went for his gun. He lifted it and whirled, throwing himself face down in the dust of the street. He heard guns belch thunder, heard a man grunt heavily, heard the dull thud of a falling body.

Herb Loover was lying in the dusty street, unmoving. A smoking gun was close to his, motionless right hand.

"Blast yuh, Talley!" gritted a voice.

Ken Talley whirled. He could see Draw Deegan backing away, one hand clamped over his bleeding shoulder. Deegan was white with pain and rage. He cursed and swore at Talley as he backed away.

Deegan rasped, "I'll be back. I'll skin yuh and nail yore hide to a bar-room wall, Talley! That was a low-down trick—"

Talley laughed and got to his knees. He had deliberately stationed himself between Deegan and Loover, directly in their line of fire. He had no chance against them. They were so fast they could shoot him down before he could touch his own gun. But he had counted on that speed, on that instinctive draw-and-shoot motion that was the mark of the true gunslick. Deegan had gone for his gun and fired, all in one movement. So had Loover. Only — he, Talley, had fallen flat on his face — and Deegan had put a .45 calibre Colt bullet in Loover's heart, killing him instantly. Loover had hit Deegan in the shoulder.

Talley said, "Now it's your turn, Deegan. Stand still!"

Deegan froze. He looked carefully at the hard-faced Talley. He tried a laugh, saying, "It was Loover's fault, Talley. He was hot for gunplay. I figured mebbe Kimmel was rimming his own brand —"

"Button that lip, Deegan. It won't work. We're all wise to you, in the Rim country. Only trouble has always been, you were too strong for us. Now mebbe the odds are even."

Talley lifted his Colt and trained it on Deegan's chest. The blood receded from the gunslick's face. Deegan shouted hoarsely, "Talley! Man, yuh wouldn't shoot me in cold blood?"

People were coming from the houses and the saloons and the stores, now. A man shouted encouragement to the KT man. Several women shouted advice. Deegan caught the sullen fury and resentment in their voices.

Talley said, "You got a gun. Lift it! When we can't miss, we'll shoot. You'll kill me! I'll kill you! Well — what's the matter? You wanted to kill me. You got the chance. Only thing is, now — I'll take you with me."

"No. No!"

Deegan threw down his gun. There was fright in his face, and in his protruding eyes. He shouted, "I won't do it. I —"

The people surged around him. Talley pushed them back. He laughed. "I always did think you gunslicks had no more craw than a jackrabbit! Let's go into the sheriff's office, Deegan. I'm going to write something on a paper, and you're goin' to sign it."

Deegan nodded. His chin fell forward on his chest as he moved through the people and the hot sunlight toward the cool sheriff's office. Looking at him, Talley felt a twinge of sympathy. Deegan was a broken man. He would be dangerous no longer. Someone had looked him in the eye and called his bluff.

Talley sighed as he watched Deegan walk ahead of him. He lifted his head and drew warm, good air deep into his lungs. It wasn't always the man with the fastest gun-hand who won the fight. Sometimes, a man could win who could just hold a gun and look death straight in the eye — and challenge him!

— THE END —

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

IT BEGAN AS A JEST—AND ENDED ON THE RODEO ARENA SANDS, WITH **DEATH** STRIKING DOWN THE MAN WHO WAS TIM HOLT'S FRIEND! THE JEST CONTINUED, FOR TIM WAS BLAMED FOR THE MURDER! THEN REDMASK CAME RIDING DOWN OUT OF THE HILLS, TO PROBE THE RIDDLE OF —

the FLYING DAGGERS!

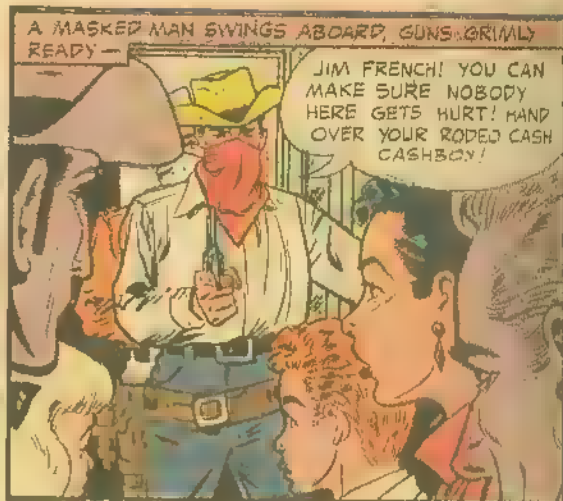
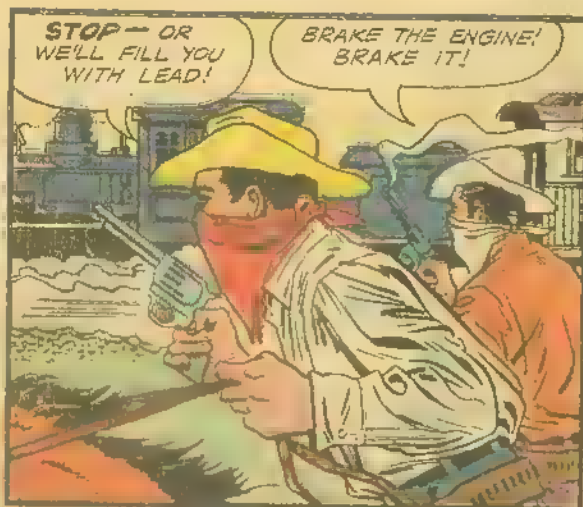


FRANK BOLLE

THE UNION PACIFIC SLOWS TO THE STEEP SLOPE OF MEDICINE HAT HILL —



TIM HOLT



OUTSIDE THE TRAIN, HOOFEATS DRUM DOWN FROM THE HILLS, **TIM HOLT** AND **CHITO** ARE RIDING TO MEET THE TRAIN.

GUINMEN - HOLDING UP THE TRAIN! LET'S GO, CHITO!



AND THEN TIM IS AMONG THEM, LASHING OUT WITH THE LONG BARRELS OF HIS PEACEMAKERS -



BUT THE OUTLAWS DO NOT STAND AGAINST THIS SUDDEN ATTACK. THEY BREAK AND RUN...

GOOD TO SEE YOU, TIM! NOBODY WAS HURT - BUT THEY GOT MY RODEO CASHBOX... AND THAT FINISHES ME! I'VE HAD BAD LUCK LATELY - SO I RECKON I'M GOING TO LOSE MY RODEO!

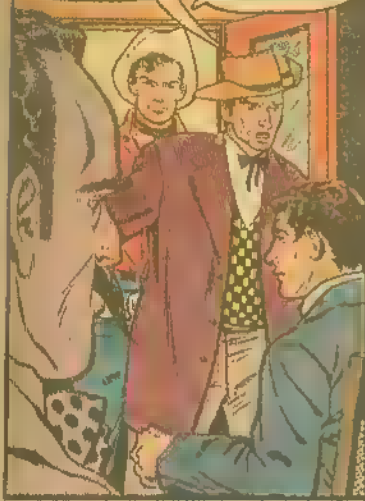


TIM HOLT

LATER, AS THE TRAIN MAKES ITS RUN INTO BULLET, IN THE SMOKING CAR...

MY PARTNER HERE, MACK BENSON—WANTS ME TO SELL OUT!

BUT, YOUR RODEO IS YOUR WHOLE LIFE, JIM!



I AM NOT A RICH MAN. MY CRIPPLED CONDITION—PLUS THE ONE INTEREST OF MY LIFE—COLLECTING ANCIENT ARMS AND ARMOR—TAKES ALL MY MONEY. I CAN'T KEEP ANY CASH TIED UP IN A RODEO THAT LOSES MONEY ALL THE TIME!

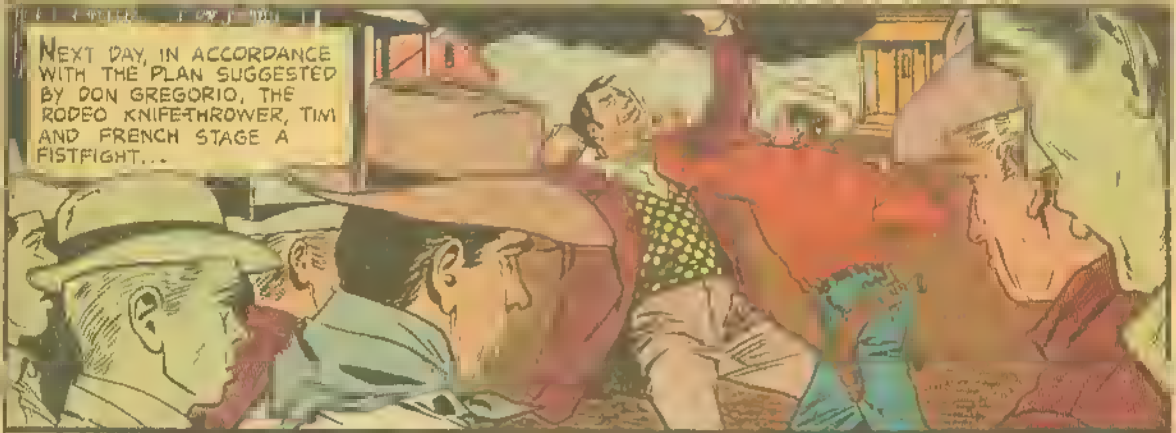
IF YOU ALLOW—I HAVE AN IDEA...



TIM HOLT IS WELL KNOWN IN BULLET! MAKE BELIEVE TIM AND SENOR FRENCH ARE HAVING A FEUD! THE PAPERS WILL PLAY IT UP BIG. MAYBE CROWDS WILL COME TO SEE TIM COMPETE IN THE RODEO AGAINST YOU!



NEXT DAY, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PLAN SUGGESTED BY DON GREGORIO, THE RODEO KNIFETHROWER, TIM AND FRENCH STAGE A FISTFIGHT...



THAT EVENING, "THE BULLET BANNER" PLAYS UP THE BATTLE!

I'M GOING TO THAT RODEO, ALL RIGHT!

ME TOO. WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!



NEXT MORNING—

IT'S JIM FRENCH! HE'S BEEN KILLED—WITH TIM HOLT'S KNIFE!

TIM MUST'VE THROWN IT—BECAUSE FRENCH'S ARE THE ONLY BOOT-MARKS ON THE RODEO SAND! IT WAS RAKED LAST NIGHT TO BE NEAT FOR THE DAY'S CONTESTS!



TIM HOLT

ANGRY RODEO HANDS STORM THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE —

HE KILLED HIM WITHOUT GIVIN' FRENCH A CHANCE! THEIR FEUD IS OVER BECAUSE HOLT KILLED HIM!

HOLT'S GOTTA SWING FOR THIS!



TIM HOLT IS MY DEPUTY! HE WOULDN'T KILL ANYBODY!

HE KILLED FRENCH! DIDN'T YOU READ ABOUT THEIR FEUD?

YOU HANG HOLT — OR WE'LL HANG HIM FOR YOU!



A FLEET RIDER FROM TOWN BRINGS TIM WORD FROM THE SHERIFF...

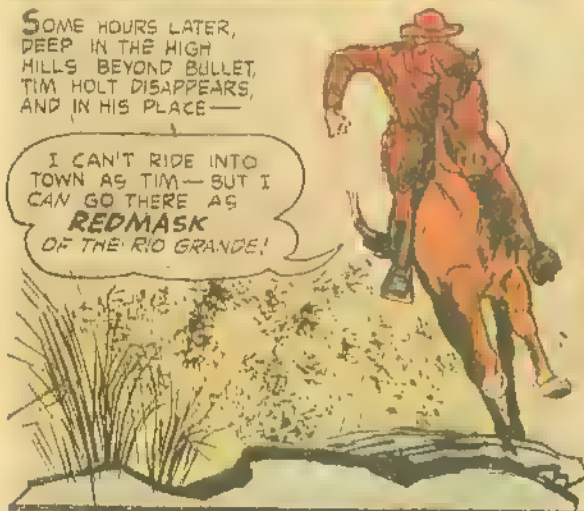
SHERIFF SAYS FOR YOU TO GET GOING, TIM! THAT RODEO MOB WANTS YOUR HIDE! JIM FRENCH WAS KILLED AND THEY'RE BLAMING YOU!

WHAT?



SOME HOURS LATER, DEEP IN THE HIGH HILLS BEYOND BULLET, TIM HOLT DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE —

I CAN'T RIDE INTO TOWN AS TIM — BUT I CAN GO THERE AS **REDMASK** OF THE RIO GRANDE!



IN THE SHADOW OF AN ALLEY, REDMASK SPEAKS WITH SHERIFF GAGE —

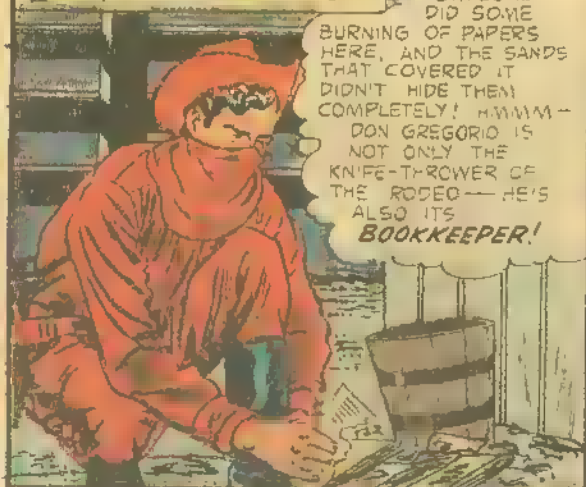
THEY SAY YOU'RE THE FINEST MAN IN THE COUNTY AT THROWING A KNIFE. ONLY YOU COULD HAVE THROWN A KNIFE SO FAR!

YES — BUT THERE WAS A PROFESSIONAL KNIFE-THROWER ATTACHED TO THE RODEO...



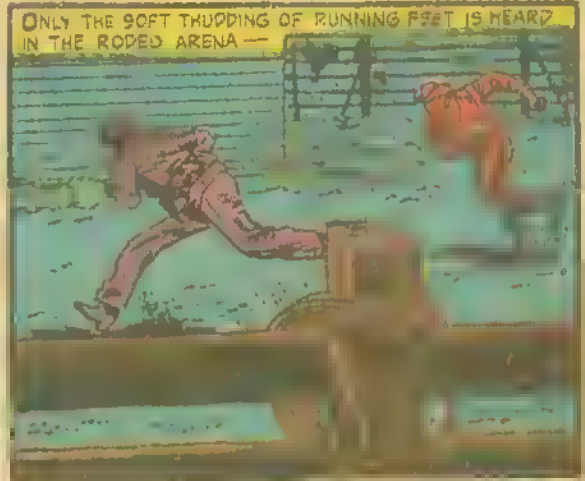
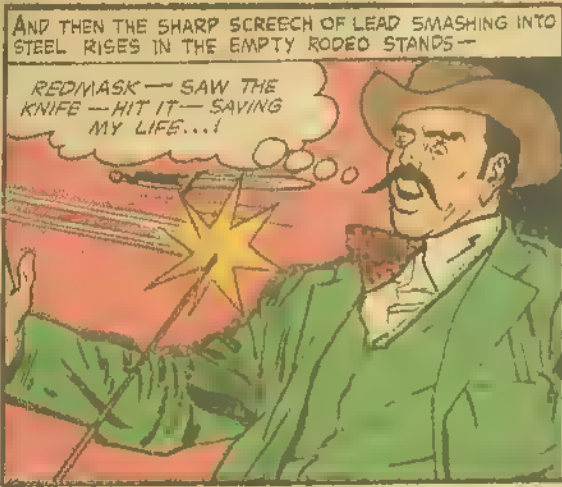
LATER, ON THE RODEO SANDS —

SOMEONE DID SOME BURNING OF PAPERS HERE, AND THE SANDS THAT COVERED IT DIDN'T HIDE THEM COMPLETELY! HMMM — DON GREGORIO IS NOT ONLY THE KNIFE-THROWER OF THE RODEO — HE'S ALSO ITS **BOOKKEEPER!**

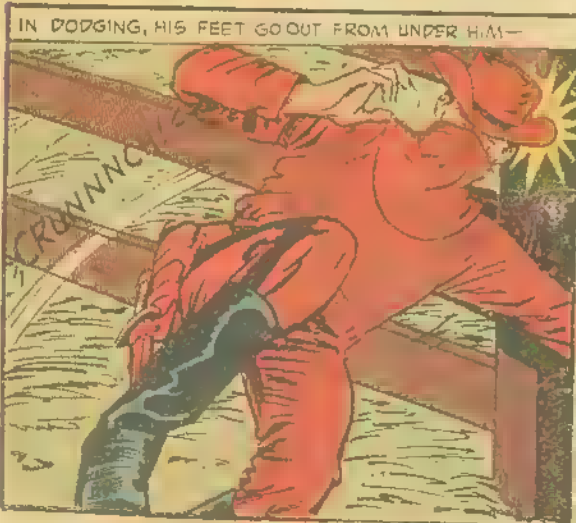
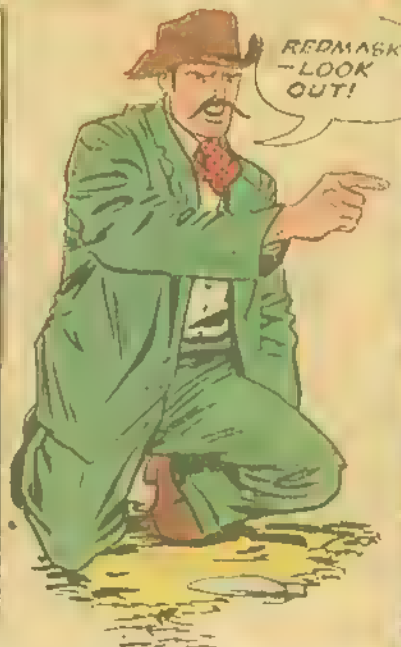


REDMASK — AND HE'S FOUND THE BURNED RODEO LEDGERS...

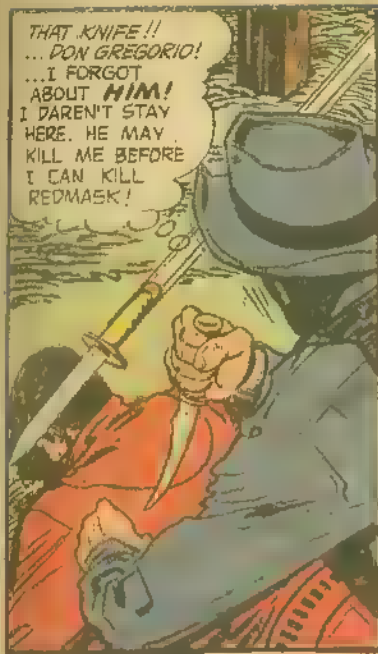




TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



THAT KNIFE!!
... DON GREGORIO!
...I FORGOT
ABOUT HIM!
I DAREN'T STAY
HERE. HE MAY
KILL ME BEFORE
I CAN KILL
REDMASK!



MOMENTS LATER—

DID YOU
SEE HIS FACE,
REDMASK?
WHO IS HE?

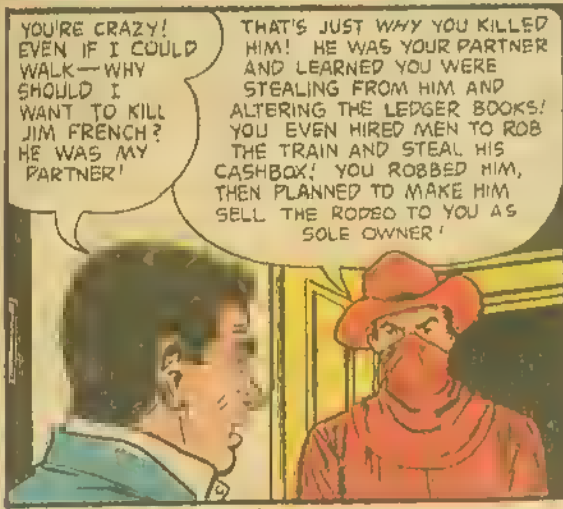
I DIDN'T SEE
HIS FACE—
BUT I DON'T
NEED TO SEE
IT! I **KNOW**
WHO THE KILLER IS!



IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, SOME-
WHAT AFTERWARD—

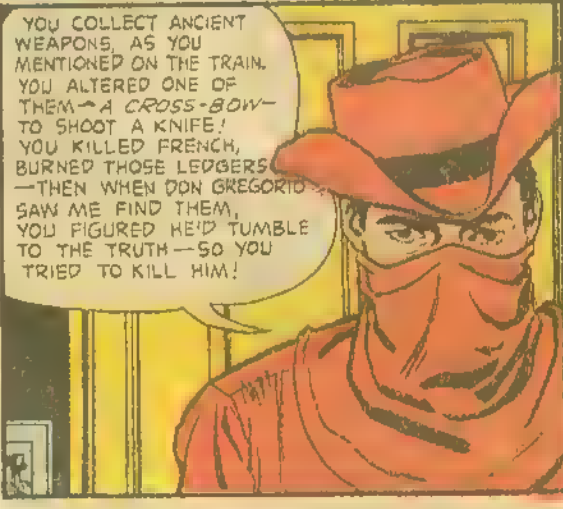
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

I WANT **YOU**,
MACK BENSON—
FOR **MURDER!**



YOU'RE CRAZY!
EVEN IF I COULD
WALK—WHY
SHOULD I
WANT TO KILL
JIM FRENCH?
HE WAS MY
PARTNER!

THAT'S JUST WHY YOU KILLED
HIM! HE WAS YOUR PARTNER
AND LEARNED YOU WERE
STEALING FROM HIM AND
ALTERING THE LEDGER BOOKS!
YOU EVEN HIRED MEN TO ROB
THE TRAIN AND STEAL HIS
CASHBOX! YOU ROBBED HIM,
THEN PLANNED TO MAKE HIM
SELL THE RODEO TO YOU AS
SOLE OWNER!

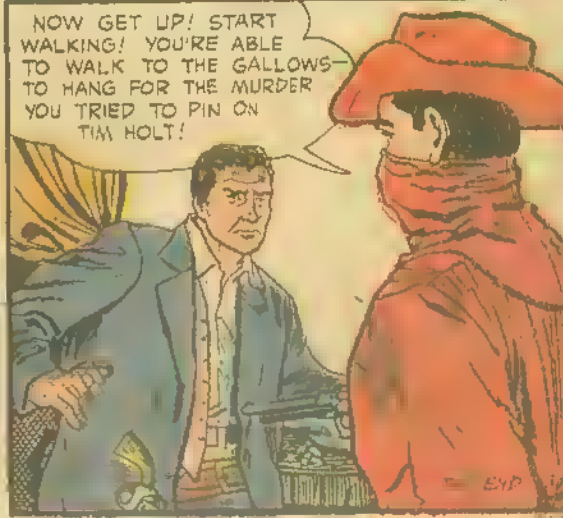


YOU COLLECT ANCIENT
WEAPONS, AS YOU
MENTIONED ON THE TRAIN.
YOU ALTERED ONE OF
THEM—A **CROSS-BOW**—
TO SHOOT A KNIFE!
YOU KILLED FRENCH,
BURNED THOSE LEDGERS—
THEN WHEN DON GREGORIO
SAW ME FIND THEM,
YOU FIGURED HE'D TUMBLE
TO THE TRUTH—SO YOU
TRIED TO KILL HIM!



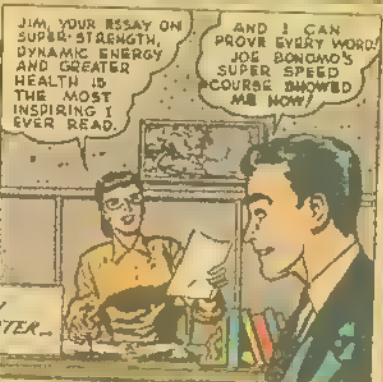
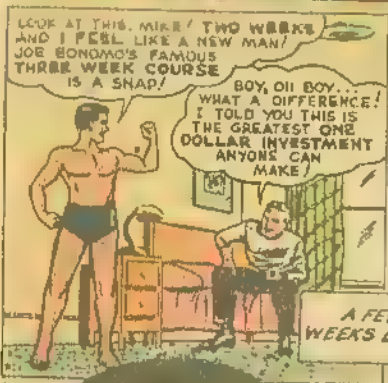
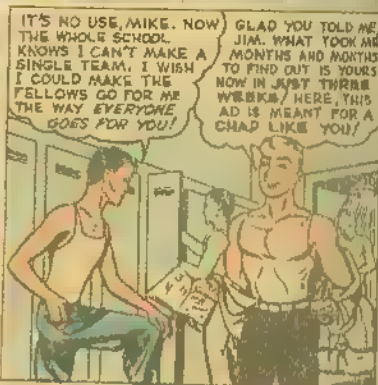
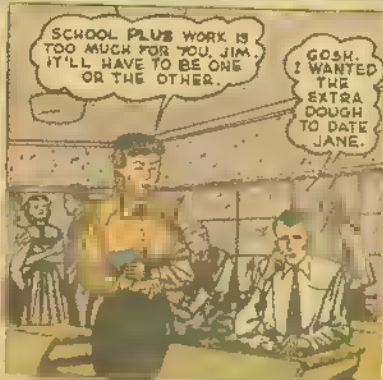
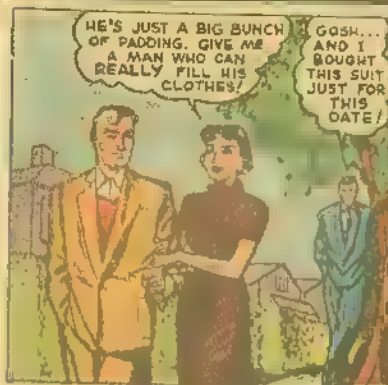
AS FOR WALKING—HOW COME YOU HAVE SAND FROM
THE RODEO ARENA ON YOUR
SOLES IF YOU WEREN'T THERE
TONIGHT?

WHY, YOU—!



NOW GET UP! START
WALKING! YOU'RE ABLE
TO WALK TO THE GALLOWES—
TO HANG FOR THE MURDER
YOU TRIED TO PIN ON
TIM HOLT!

THREE WEEKS AND ¹/MADE THIS "SAD SACK" HEP!



REVOLUTIONARY
REVELATIONARY!

ONLY **\$1** FOR MY NEW THREE WEEK **SPEED COURSE**

FREE

IF NOT SATISFIED
MONEY BACK

7 DAYS YOUR

VALUE
VALUE
VALUE

FEATS OF STRENGTH

LISTEN YOU! CUT OUT WISHING!

NOW—Have a Walloped-Packed BODY OF SUPER STRENGTH, Dynamic Energy and Greater Health

JOE BONOMO STARTS YOU ON YOUR WAY TOWARDS ALL THREE—IN JUST THREE WEEKS!

Fellowes of all ages... who want to make a real success out of themselves... a New Life, Bigger and Stronger... HERE IT IS! Joe Bonomo's New and Complete THREE WEEK SPEED COURSE! It is pulled to give you Real Value! Think of it! ONE DOLLAR AND 10 MINUTES A DAY IS ALL THAT YOU NEED!

Your Speed Course is written in plain, blunt, leather team language... Can Give You amazing results! Contains (1) Body Tonic Lessons, (2) Muscle Chaser, (3) Yawning Table Talk! GIVES YOU "Psycho-Power", "Rhythmic Progression", "Vibro-Pressure", "Tonic Relaxation".

The Big Test: Also Physical (PQ) Development! Qualifies... PLUS, Inspirational Strongmen's Pictures to help wake up the Body of Yours!

Yes, lastly, then So a day... you, too, can find out about POWER—STRENGTH—GROWING HEALTH—ABUNDANT VIGOR—DYNAMIC ENERGY!

Get a Two-Flavored, All-Round Thrill in becoming a Real Man in Three Weeks! Wake Up! Tone Up! Build Up! Follow Mighty Joe Bonomo and make your start toward becoming a "Super Strongman!"

JOE BONOMO

TELLS YOU HOW! SHOWS YOU HOW!

EASY TO READ—EASY TO DO AND EASY TO FOLLOW FOR A MAN-31210 "HOWIE-PLUS" ROOY

STARTS YOU IN JUST A SHORT 3 WEEKS

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

FAMOUS STRONGMEN'S MANUAL

FREE • FREE • FREE WHEN YOU ORDER NOW!

32 Picture-Packed Pages on Strength Feats Strongmen use Famous For... All You! Do you know how to (1) Break A Spike With Your Teeth? (2) Tear A Phone Book In Half? (3) Hold 4 Persons In The Air? (4) Drive A Spike Thru A Thick Board? (5) Break A Rock With Your Fist? See how these—plus many more—can be done.

YOU WILL BEGIN TO ENJOY THE THRILL AND ADMIRATION OF YOUR MAN-SIZED NEW BODY THE FIRST DAY YOU START—SO HURRY, DON'T DELAY! WRITE TODAY!

IMAGINE! Only THREE WEEKS and the amazing NEW LOW PRICE of ONE DOLLAR may actually give you MORE AMBITION—SUCCESS—ENERGY and a Full Rich Life of POPULARITY!

STRONGMEN'S CLUB OF AMERICA

JOE BONOMO, DIRECTOR 1841 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY 23

ACT NOW FOR FREE OFFER

STRONGMEN'S CLUB OF AMERICA
JOE BONOMO, DIRECTOR
1841 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY 23

DEPT. M.E.T.D.
"MAIL THIS 'NO-RISK' COUPON RIGHT NOW!"

Okay, Joe. Send me your Famous Three Week "SPEED COURSE" for the special price of \$1. I am acting fast so be sure to include your free gift of the Strongmen's Manual "Feats of Strength." If I am not thrilled and satisfied in every way, I may return these in 7 days for a full one dollar refund.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____

51 enclosed 6 Check 6 money order 8 Cash

**Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!
We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!**

MAKE BIG MONEY

WITH FAST-SELLING WARM

MASON LEATHER JACKETS

Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making, spare-time business! As our man in your community, you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsehide, Capeskin, Suede and other fine leather jackets—nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, milkmen, cab drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men—hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder! You offer these splendid jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to \$10.00 a day EXTRA income!

SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH,
LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!



Be the first to sell men who work outdoors this perfect combination!—Non-squall, warm Horsehide leather jacket lined with woolly Sheepskin, and new Horsehide work shoe also warmly lined with fleecy Sheepskin and quite with oil-resisting soles and leather storm welt!

These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

... Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting Pony Horsehide leather, fine Capeskin leather, soft luxurious Suede leather. You can even take orders for Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool, Satin-faced Twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at these EXTRA features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:

- Warm, cozy linings of real Sheepskin... nature's own protection against cold!
- Quilted and rayon linings!
- Luskily Lamb water-proof, non-matting fur collars!
- Knitted wristlets!
- Especially-treated leathers that do not scuff or peel!
- Zipper Fronts!
- Extra-large pockets!
- Variety of colors for every taste: brown, black, green, grey, tan, blue!

Even MORE Profits with Special-Feature Shoes

Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Vichit-ner Air-Cushion Shoes in 160 dress, sport, work styles for men and women. Air-Cushion Innersole gives wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all day long. As the Mason man in your town, you actually feature merchandise in a greater range of sizes and widths than the largest store in town! And at low, direct-from-factory prices! It's easy to fit customers to the style they want—they keep re-ordering, too—put dollars and dollars into your pocket! Join the exceptional men who make up to \$200 extra a month and get their family's shoes and garments at wholesale prices!

Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon today—I'll rush your powerful Free Jacket and Shoe Selling Outfit including 10-second Air-Cushion Demonstration, and EVERYTHING you need to start building a steady, BIG MONEY, repeat-order business, as thousands of others have done with Mason!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA-47
MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You don't want to start my own extra-income business! Please rush FREE and postpaid my Powerful Selling Outfit—featuring fast-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Cushion Shoes, the fast-selling specialties—so I can start making BIG MONEY right away!

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
DEPT. MA-47
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

